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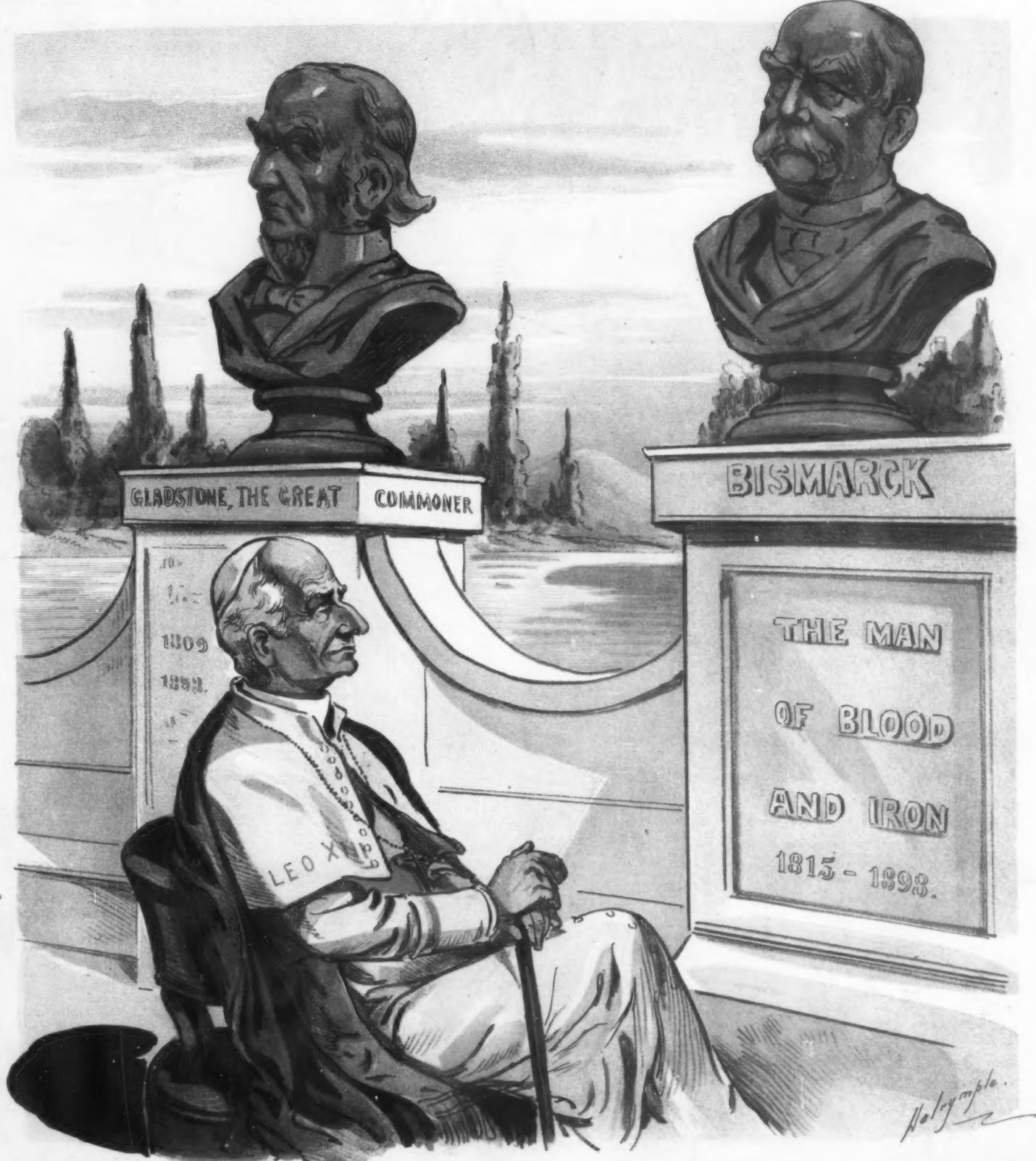
POL. XLIV. No. 1120.

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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

# PUCK

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THE THREE "GRAND OLD MEN."



#### A CREDITOR.

SUSIE.—Mr. Inkslinger, downstairs, told the Missus you were workin' for posterity.

MR. SCRIBBLES.—Inkslinger said so?

SUSIE.—Yes; and the Missus said she wished they'd send you a check, for she wuz tired of waitin' to get somethin' on account.

#### RELIEF IN SIGHT.

PANISH STATESMAN.—Hurrah! Viva Hispania!! We are saved. The American government is now threatened with enemies at home.

ANOTHER SPANISH STATESMAN.—Ah, good! Who are they—Indians, or the old Confederates?

SPANISH STATESMAN.—Neither. I just read that the Populists—the American peasantry—recently met and publicly denounced the United States government."

#### YES, INDEED!

DASHERLY.—The Spaniards call us a "nation of shopkeepers."

FLASHERLY.—Well, what kick have they got coming? We gave them a great deal more than they bargained for.

"THIS WAR," soliloquized the melancholy Spanish statesman, "has been a succession of dull thuds."



#### ONLY NATURAL.

"Truly," murmured the pessimistic Spaniard, "those Americans seem to know how to charge."

"Faugh!" returned the great grandee; "a mere commercial accomplishment. What else could we expect in a nation of shopkeepers?"

#### THE SPY'S MISTAKE.

SUBORDINATE.—We have caught a Spanish spy who was trying to find out our plans.

AMERICAN GENERAL.—Why does n't he read the New York papers? They know our plans before we do.

#### THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

MAMA.—He would n't take the medicine until I gave him candy and five cents and promised him a new gun.

PAPA.—I see. He was willing to capitulate but would n't surrender unconditionally.

#### OFF TO THE WAR.

"Yes, my brave one," lisped the maiden, "I'm thine forever and a day; Then upon Love's transports laden Sailed the happy twain away.

#### AT HER MERCY.

MAY.—Mr. Goodrich says he totally disapproves of women riding bicycles.

MAUD.—Indeed?

MAY.—And if there is one thing he despises it is shirt waists.

MAUD.—Nice man!

MAY.—And he has the queerest lot of fads and fancies about what we should and should n't eat and read and wear and do, and everything. But he is rich—awfully rich!

MAUD.—How do you know he is?

MAY.—Well, we've talked together a good deal lately!

MAUD.—May! You're not engaged?

MAY.—Why, no! But I have his range.



VICTORY ONCE perched on the banners of Spain; but she has come off her perch.

PEACE HATH its victories no less renowned than war; but not so yellow.

ACCORDING TO some folks, a man's patriotism is in proportion to the extent of territory he wants to annex.

FARRAGUT DAMNED the torpedos and had no further trouble; showing that the torpedo is not a more serious obstacle than the army mule.



## CHEAP.

FAIR CHURCH WORKER.—Oh, Mr. Easything! Please buy a ticket for our Church Fair! Single ticket twenty-five cents; round-trip ticket ten dollars.

MR. EASYTHING.—Round-trip ticket for a Church Fair? I never heard of such a thing! What is it?

FAIR CHURCH WORKER.—Why, a round-trip ticket means that the price of the ticket is all it will cost you when you go to the fair. You show the ticket and no one will persuade you to buy anything.

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## MINISTERS' SONS.

NEVER TOOK stock in that yarn; — it's one you often see —  
That parsons' sons turn out bad ones 'n' are ornery naturly.

I've met a ternal lot of 'em all through my own k'reer,  
But nary a one was a son-of-a-gun as would n't pay for th' beer.

The Parson's Jim an' me at Home had many a scrape together,  
An' Jim *might* yell, but he'd never *tell*, when th' dominie used  
the leather.

At 'lection time, down in Kentuck, when Hayes got President,  
Was killed one who, of all I've knew, was sure the finest gent;

A parson's son — with likker on would raise what he called "hadez"; —  
But bowed so low he sometimes fell when we rolled past the ladies.

"N' my squarest faro dealer was (for once I run a bank),  
A rector's son from Portland, Maine; — we called him "Blue-eyed Frank."

He saved *my* life by shooting straight, but a woman played him low,  
An' now he lies on God's-land Rise, 'way up in Idaho.

Yes; I've met a ternal lot of 'em, an' I've been "far from Home,"  
An' some was drinkin' at the dregs, an' some was at the foam;

But nary a one was a son-of-a-gun, an' nary a one would crawl —  
So here's a health to th' Parsons' Sons! — an' may God save 'em all!

E. R.



## FRESH.

THE BOARDER.—You advertised *fresh* vegetables!

THE FARMER HOST (*stiffly*).—Fresh! Why, dern it! them corn and  
them peas *is* fresh. Mother opened them cans not more 'n an hour ago!

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PUCK.

READING THE WAR NEWS.

SHE SPEAKS.

IS THAT the Morning Paper? Bring it right up. You see, ever since the war broke out, I have insisted on having another morning paper left at the house. I told Charley I could n't wait for the latest news until he brought the papers home at night. Then, when

I have read it, I send it over to Clara, because last year, up at Bar Harbor, she met a man who is captain in one of the batteries at Santiago, and she is so interested to see if his name is n't among the wounded or somewhere.

I wish I knew some one in the war! Willy Dawson was going, but at the last minute he said he thought his mother needed him. I think it was because he found he could n't wear a collar if he was a common soldier.

"Latest News from Dewey!" Oh! have you been down to Manhattan Beach and seen Pain's Manila? It is simply grand! You just thrill all over. Could n't you go down some night this week? We could have dinner at the Oriental and see the fireworks afterward. Here is the time-table of the boats. You see, we could come back at most any time. It is something you really ought to see, for it is so patriotic and sort of historical, too. I just love patriotism. Charley makes the greatest lot of fun of me because I am so full of enthusiasm. I did wear a flag in my buttonhole, only it got so dreadfully common.

"What Hobson Says." Has n't he been splendid? I knew a girl that went to school with his cousin. I wish I could get her to introduce him to me. Would n't it be fierce to know him?

Have you seen the new sailor hat they call the Hobson? It was advertised in the paper a few days ago. Wait a moment and I will see where they have them to sell. The advertisement doesn't seem to be in to-day, but here is an advertisement of the sale "at reduced prices," of all the French pattern hats at Sellman's. Is n't that fine? They had some lovely ones! Let's go right down now. It is so early that we will have a splendid chance at them. I am so glad I told Charley I must have a morning paper!

A. L. B.

THE MAN behind the gun is important, to be sure; but the man in front of the gun is rather necessary, too.



PARADOX.

MISS ASKINS.—Do you claim to understand women?  
JACK DEWITT.—Not I! I know them too well!



WANTED HIS USUAL SLEEP.

HOTEL CLERK.—What time do you wish to be called in the morning?

FARMER.—I don't wanter be called at all, and I won't stop at your tavern if I have ter git up before four! Do I?

INVALIDED HOME.

MAUSER BULLET through my arm  
Down at Santiago,  
So the surgeon packed me home—  
Thanks to Mr. Dago.  
Folks were mighty glad to see  
It was but a trifle.  
Nell was, too—and, bless the Lord  
For that Spanish rifle!

Strange a crippled arm should be  
Such a demonstration  
That a heart stands much in need  
Of a certain ration.  
I've been trying, and in vain,  
Sev'ral years, to ketch her.  
Once I fell and broke my leg—  
Yet it did n't fetch her.

But the Don who did me up  
Is my friend forever.  
Reckon that he did n't think  
He could shoot so clever;  
For he struck a breast that long  
Had defied his betters—  
And I'm here to find it out,  
Having failed in letters.

So, as long as I can't fight,  
I'm a fool to grumble,  
And I guess the folks around  
Have begun to tumble.  
With Nell's help—I tell you that  
Girl is just a dandy—  
I can use a left arm, now,  
Lover-like and handy.

Edwin L. Sabin.

PUCK.



EVIDENTLY DEAD-GONE.

MR. ISAACSTEIN.—So you t'ink young Rosenbaum means peezness?  
REBECCA ISAACSTEIN (*cavily*).—Yes, Papa; he talks nodding but nonsense.

A NURSERY NOTE.



H! GREAT is the dimpled baby!  
All rolled in a smiling heap!  
He croons in his cosy cradle  
Till he sings himself to sleep,  
Then roams in a fairy dreamland  
Through gardens of angel cake,  
Till, stricken with indigestion,  
He snores himself wide-awake.  
R. K. Munkittrick

THE FORGETFUL STORY-TELLER.

"Jever hear 'bout o' chap down in Berks County when I was a boy? He was called — er — Jingsos! What was he called? Wisht I could think of his name. Well, I can't think of it, but I want t' tell th' story, fer it 's so plumb comical. I 'll call th' ol' chap Alexander. Jim Alexander. He was great on huntin' an' fishin', an' one day he met ol' Deacon — er — By Gummy! Beats all how names do slip from me. Th' other feller, that is, the fust feller, Joe, he made a gol-durned slick pun on his name. Funny name, Deacon had. Like Radshooks or Brodshakes. Well, I'll call him Deacon David! Well, ol' Jack Allen — was that the name I gin the fust feller? Let it go at that, anyhow, 'cause I do hate t' stop th' flow of a story-a-huntin' for names. He met Deacon Danvers — that warn't

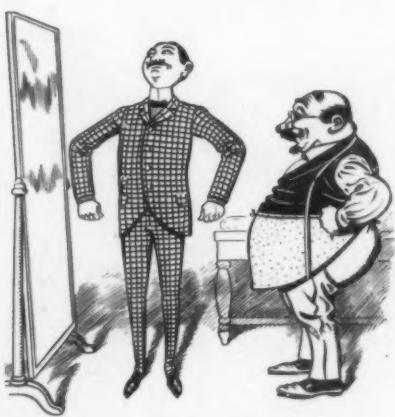


VERY LIKELY.

FIRST TRAMP.—What do you suppose the lady meant by asking me how long I had been out of work?

SECOND TRAMP.—She was probably trying to get at your age.

A SOMETIMES EMBARRASSING STYLE.



I.  
DE SWELL.—Awful glad, Shearer, that you have this suit ready! I am going to call on a very fine young lady this afternoon, and I want to make a good appearance. These tight trousers are awfully swell.



II.  
"I must pull my trousers up carefully so not to break the crease while I sit down. They are very tight, though. Ah! here she comes. Now see me do the elegant!"



III.  
Arising,—"Aw! How do, Miss Dovington!"

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the name I s'lected, but it 'll do all right. Well, the Deacon—no; By Gummy! I 'm thinkin' of 'nother story, altogether. It was Cap'n Darius — er — kick me if I can think er his name, neither. But, 't any rate, he says ter Julius, 'Your name al'us remin's me of a beaver.' There, now! I knew I'd oughter git Jacob's name right 'cause 't was like a beaver. By Gummy! queer how I can't think of it. Well, 't any rate, John, he raised his han' up in th' air an' he brought it down plumb hard on Cap'n Dan's back, an' he says, 'An', d' you know, I think your name is mighty like 'nother animal called a wood-chuck, 'cause you are — ther' petroleum take it! I was jest agoin' t' say th' Cap'n's name, an' that would 'a' showed the hull joke, an' pinched if 't ain't gone! 'T any rate, if I could think er them names 't would cause a heap er laughter in this here circ'e."

Charles Battell Loomis.

WHO WILL LISTEN.

"Indiscretion often spoils a lesson," remarked Uncle Debate. "I heard a man once talking about the evils of gambling. He made a good talk, but it did no good. He was talking to a winner instead of to a loser."

WHEN THE air-ship is in general use it will be correct to speak of "dropping into town."

## PUCK.



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### AT THE GAME.

ENTHUSIAST.—Good! Good! They can't hit him!

THE FAIR ONE.—Hi who?

ENTHUSIAST.—Why, the pitcher, of course!

THE FAIR ONE.—Well, I don't see why they should *want* to hit him! He has conducted himself in a very gentlemanly manner ever since he came on the field, I'm sure!

### NOT AT ASBURY.

WHEN VENUS rose from the sea, in all the magnificence of her unsading beauty only, there was a sensation.

“Mister!” exclaimed most of the deities of Olympus, exchanging glances. But Juno, the ox-eyed, shrugged her shoulders.

“That's nothing!” she sneered; “anybody would dare to do that here! If it was Asbury Park, now, she'd have something to brag about, but Cytherea! Pooh!”

### HAD HIS OWN TROUBLES.

HIS CONFIDENTIAL MAN.—The missionary says he is ready to be a martyr.

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF.—Oh! it's easy enough for him to talk. Look at me! I *am* a martyr—have been for years—to dyspepsia.

### BURDENOME.

One night while walking home I heard Some student's song, and tarried, But found the burden of his song Was in the load he carried.

YOU CAN'T convince a girl who has them that the world does n't always have its glass at its eye scrutinizing her freckles.

TWICE-TOLD tales are not so bad if the people of iterative habit would only stop then.

## AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

JINKS.—What's a post-graduate course, anyhow?

FILKINS.—Oh! it's where a fellow takes a tumble to himself, before it's everlastingly too late, and goes and gets posted, even if he has graduated.

### COULD APPRECIATE THE SITUATION.

FIRST TRAMP.—It wuz an hour an' a half dis mornin' before I cud find anybody dat 'd give me some breakfast.

SECOND TRAMP (*sympathetically*).—It's awful to have yer leisure time broke up like dat!

### THE TIGER.

BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

The grinning tiger's full of stripes

And I will make this guess:

If he were also full of stars

He'd do for the U. S.

### AFTER THE WHIST PARTY.

HER HUSBAND.—You ought to try to remember not to trump your partner's ace.

SHE.—I will try, dear. I appreciate, now, that it frequently misleads to suppressed profanity.

### WHICH?

EXLEIGH.—Which do you think gets the more fun out of it, the guest or the hotel clerk?

QUEBY.—Out of what?

EXLEIGH.—Why, have n't you ever noticed? The guest looks down on the clerk, and the clerk despises the guest.

### GREEN.

His wealth will go to a blithe young wife,  
Who says she'll keep his memory green;  
The old man's getting the worst of it,  
In an ancient green-goods game, I ween.

MONEY IS the root of all evil, except when it grows in our own garden.

ORGANIZED CHARITY is the skimmed milk of human kindness.

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“KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR BUSINESS.”

PH. Keppler



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### WILFULLY MISINTERPRETED.

SHE.—I nebbah encou'age any ob dem good-fer-nuffin' organ-grinders.

HE.—Yo' doan' mean ter say any ob dem has been payin' 'tentions to yo'!



## PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, August 24, 1898.—No. 1120.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VARIETY  
IN  
GREATNESS.

HERE is but one "grand old man" left. He, too, has come to the evening of his life, and the little time that is left to him must needs be full of retrospection. He will ponder the lives of the other two, musing especially, perhaps, over the antagonism that each once felt for him, and over the generally transitory nature of all human affairs. He and they have been powers in the making of later history. One is tempted to be more specific, to make sure-voiced comparisons, but fairness warns against it. The influence which each has wielded must be left to some future generation to weigh. Possibly it will be a matter to dispute over then as now, but there will be more light on all three characters. If a prophecy may be ventured, history will declare, of the two that have gone, that the Great Commoner was a greater man than the Man of Iron. Each was rich in the force that moves men, each was rigidly faithful to his ideals; and therein they were equally great. It is the just comparison of those ideals that must be put off until time has left them in perspective. One was a humanitarian always and before all. The other was for Germany before all, and with a zeal that may sometime be declared provincial and cruel. What is perhaps most suggestive in the characters of these men at this time is the wide differences between them. There is clearly no prescribed formula for greatness. You may be any kind of man and be great if you have iron enough in your purpose — student or roysterer, abstainer or drinker of strong waters. It may be disconcerting to the moral nature, but there it is.

THE MAN  
BEHIND  
THE RATIONS.

THE BEHAVIOR of the man behind the gun in this war has been ideal at all stages. The war has taught us, however, that there is another man equally important in war — the man behind the rations. Our man behind the gun is all right. Our man behind the rations has something to learn. The work he has done can not be wholly commended, and does not promise any too well for the work he still has to do. Some of

the work he has done has been very bad indeed. Probably this was inevitable, even with much more care than was used. Our army and navy can come close to practical work in their drills and target-practice. The commissary department has not that advantage. The excellence of its work depends upon its general alertness to meet unforeseen emergencies. Considering that war is war, and that we are out of practice in feeding and nursing sick and wounded soldiers in the field, it is possible that we have done quite as well as could have been expected. Yet there is no harm in admitting that we have made a great many awful blunders, and there ought to be the fullest investigation of them, for the future benefit of the service. It is not a question of finding excuses for them but of guarding against a repetition of them. It would be a profitless search to look for excuses for sending out hospital ships in the wretched condition of the *Seneca* and the *Concho*, or for the return of a ship-load of supplies after it had lain for weeks off Santiago while our soldiers on shore went hungry. Almost every one but our Secretary of War has given up trying to find excuses for these blunders; but he continues to waste time at it. A more persistently cheerful man, in the face of evidence that he would serve the country better in almost any other office than the one he fills, would be hard to find. He announces as the result of his investigation of the hospital-ship scandals that "nobody is to blame." He will be generally disagreed with. The people know that everybody connected with the administration is to blame in the degree of his authority, from the President of the United States down to the last commissary clerk, and certainly not excluding the Secretary of War. But the object is not to blame some one. It is to avoid such things in future. The people are in no mind to see their sick and wounded soldiers die of neglect while their Secretary of War plays at politics.

ALCHEMY THE OLD alchemists were patient fellows, devoted students UP TO and hard workers, but they never seemed to get any DATE.

place. They had no executive ability, and they seem not to have divined the virtues of organization and indirection. The mystic rites of alchemy are better performed to-day. Witness the feat of an enthusiast in New England. This gentleman has achieved the miracle of extracting gold in paying quantities from sea-water. That considerable gold is held in solution by sea-water has long been known, and man has naturally sought some way of isolating it. There have been only failures heretofore, due, it would appear, to a vital oversight in the beginning. The methods were all too direct. The experimenters went to work directly upon the sea-water. The New England alchemist, however, applied himself to the golden sea through the small capitalists of that thrifty section. These folks are now bemoaning this very indirection, but the superiority of his method has been abundantly demonstrated. Report says that he is now in Paris incumbered by nothing but U. S. Government bonds. The principle he has applied is that anything will yield gold if the intermediary is well-selected. Man lives in the belief that it takes only shrewdness to get something for nothing; and that he is shrewd. The notion is said to be uncommonly alive in New England. To those carpers who argue that the New England alchemist did not get his gold from sea-water but from the Yankee capitalists, we say that the second feat is even more impressive. He is a rare genius any way you put it.

## WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

## I.

BLOW, TRUMPET! Split your brazen throat  
As never in a charge!  
Peal, bells, abroad, your vibrant note  
With happiness full large!  
"Reveille," "taps," the roll of drums  
Give way to peaceful ken.  
Their rule is done, for Johnny comes  
A-marching home again.



## II.

Let those who wept to see him go  
Now weep blest tears of joy.  
Let arms, not wielded by a foe,  
Surround the soldier boy.  
No need of words. The flags that wave  
Express our welcome, when  
Our Johnny, their defender brave,  
Is marching home again.

## III.

A few we miss — ah! speak it soft.  
Alas! for hearts that bleed!  
For ones whom war has shown where oft  
The paths of glory lead!  
From Southern camp, from Cuban brake,  
From Orient swamp and cane,  
Come some, unseen, their place to take,  
A-marching home again.

## IV.

So for the living — and the dead —  
Blow, trumpet, long and free.  
Let prayers of thankfulness be said  
For what at last we see.  
No other pageantry of war,  
As far as thoughts can roam,  
Can rival this, when strife is o'er,  
And Johnny's marching home.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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MICKEY.—Say, Jimmy, what does pyrotechnics mean?

JIMMY.—Aw! dat's jest what folks call fireworks when dey wants ter put on lugs!

THE SACRIFICE TO A CRUMBLING IDOL.



PUCK.



## A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

(From the Bungville Starter.)



THE RECENT patriotic Literary and Musical Entertainment at West Bungville was an immense success. It is years since the old town hall held such a bevy of beautiful maidens, and our own girls held their own with the best of the society belles from East New York, Gowanus and other sections of the great Metropolis.

An up-to-date and wartime flavor was imparted to everything said or sung; and, in this way, many things that would have been voted chestnuts became prime favorites at once.

The first number on the programme was interpreted by our promising young local elocutionist, David Slocomb. It was "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua."

This had been changed to read, "Shafter to the Soldiers Before Santiago." The schoolmaster had made all the changes in the various pieces, and well did he perform the task. Mr. Slocomb is six feet tall and weighs ninety pounds. He impersonated General Shafter, and did it finely. West Bungville has never listened to a more inspiring speech. His high treble voice and his gladiatorial pose eminently fitted him for his task, and when he said, "Ye call me chief and ye do well to call him chief," etc., the town hall shook with applause. Mr. Slocomb was recalled, and repeated his speech, as he knew no other. Unfortunately, the second time he went all to pieces in it, but it was clever in him to remember it the first time.

Next came Master Johnny Humphreys, who recited "Excelsior." The first verse, as he said, was very timely. It was:

"The shades of night  
were falling fast  
As through a Cuban vil-  
lage passed  
A youth, who bore 'mid  
shot and shell  
A sentiment we all know  
well —  
Cuba libre!"

Miss Rachel and Miss Leah Guggenheimer are spending a week at West Bungville. They are shining lights in East New York. They looked very pretty as they sang

"Oh! do you remember  
the Maine, Benny Bolt?"

and they received a large bunch of morning glories.

Ten little girls, all dressed in white and all natives of West Bungville, sang in unison the sweet old song,

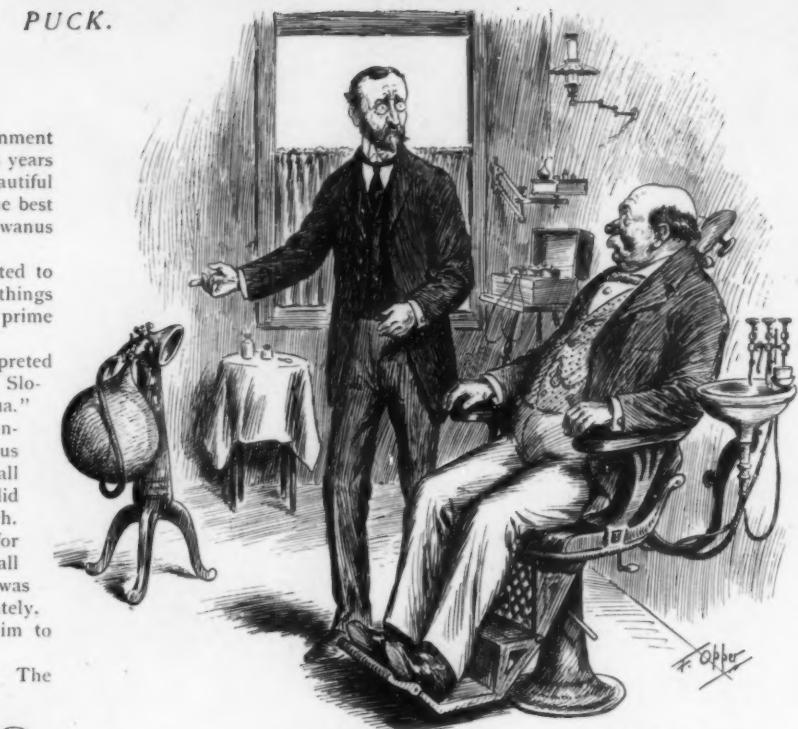
"When the Spaniards  
homeward fly  
When their cannon scattered lie."

But the hit of the evening was made by our local humorist and singer, George Perkins, who sang a song about the captain of the *Vesuvius*, entitled:

"The Man Who Broke  
the Bank at Santiago."

This song was received with thunders of applause, and the entertainment broke up with everybody well pleased. West Bungville did herself proud.

Charles Battell Loomis.



## ALREADY FORTIFIED.

DENTIST.—Will you take gas?

COL. OLDRY.—How will it go with whiskey?

## PARENTAGE ESTABLISHED.

Daily reports of Spanish "victories" throw light upon a hitherto unfathomable mystery — Spain is the father of invention.

## WAR.

The Spaniard was furious.

"I would drink the ink of mine enemy!" he hissed, clutching his machete.

Of course, that was figurative language; but it showed that war was war, even though a substitute for blood had been found.

## UNDoubtedly.

"The Spaniards are obstinate enough, anyhow."

"Decidedly. If they could give as much punishment as they take the war would be a serious matter for us."

## THE EASIEST.

"What plan of campaign do you think will be pursued in capturing Havana?"

"Well, it looks a good deal like the instalment plan!"

## DIFFERENT.

"Henry, stop growling about the heat; think of our poor soldiers in Cuba."

"Well — but they are getting glory for being roasted — and I'm not."



## HELPING HIM ALONG.

JACK NOROX.—I can't afford to marry.

ETHEL WYNNE.—But if you were very much in love you would n't let that worry you until afterwards.



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A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Yes, Robert, only good little boys go to heaven. I suppose you would like to go there, would n't you?

TOUGH SCHOLAR.—You bet I would! I'd have an eternal cinch slugging dem kind uv softies!

THE PRAISE OF BARNEY.

O HEAR remarks that Barney made, before the war begun,  
Ye'd thought him sure to shay at home till all the scrap was done.  
But, none the less, he volunteered—and that was Barney's way:  
"T was little tellin' what he thought by anything he'd say.  
"I've shmall desire," he often said, "to see the claret shpilt,  
The Spanish talk but little sinse, but that's the way they're built,  
And, as for Cuba's future, sure it's not mesilf that cares,  
I always shmoke a pipe," said he, "so dom their ould cigairs!"

But Barney, he enlisted; and they sint him to the South  
Before his oath to Uncle Sam had fairly lift his mouth.  
And, bein' bound for thropic lands, and Summer-time at that,  
They gave him extrhy heavy pants, and Winther weight of hat.  
They shipped him out to Cuba in an avil-shmellin' tub,  
And set him diggin' trinches, but forgot to sind him grub.  
But Barney said: "Contractors, sure, are always on the make:  
If me and you had half their chanst, we'd double up the shtake."

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CHOLLY BONDS.—Aw! I know what I shall do to make that Jack Huggard appear ridiculous in the eyes of those two Sweetman girls. I'll invite them out on my yacht and take Jack Huggard along. When they see with what skill I handle the boat they can't help but admiring me over him, who knows nothing about yachts at all.

And whin the fightin' days came off, Ah! Barney thin was great!  
He shtood right up in open view and gave it to them shtraight.

"I've naught ag'in the lads," said he; "I'd miss them if I could;  
But, sure, the bullets seem to know the way to do thim good.  
And if me hand is shtiddy, it is not so very shtrange;  
It's me that's pegged the rooshsters in a Bowery rifle range."  
And iv'ry time he dropped a Don, he'd shout: "Get off the earth!"  
Widout his mouth was busy singin': "Get Your Money's Worth!"

Ag'in, whin mairchin' through the mud, wid rations very shy,  
He came to where some refugees was goin' howlin' by.

They cursed the whole United Shtates, and wished the soldiers dead,  
But half the time, betune their tears, was callin' out for bread.

Thin Barney goes to divin' down inside his haversack,  
And passes out his shmall supply of quartermaster's tack.

"I seldom shtop to ate," says he; "I find me time is pressed,  
So give yer teeth a chanst at this, and give yer lungs a rest."

Now that's the sort that Barney is: he's brave, and kind, and thrue,  
And proud to sairve his country, as he feels he ought to do.

But acts as if the duty and the danger that he faced

Was only little things that did n't matter in the laste.

So whin he raiches home ag'in, I make no doubt he'll say,  
As cool and unconscarned as if he'd niver been away:

"It's naught to me that Cuba's free, nor how her future fares;  
I always shmoke a pipe mesilf, so dom her ould cigairs!" H. A. Crowell.



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PROHIBITION ADVOCATE.—It's an outrage! These rum-selling drug stores should be closed up;—every one of them!

BIBULOUS-LOOKING PARTY.—That's what I say, too!

PROHIBITION ADVOCATE.—I'm glad you agree with me, Brother.

BIBULOUS-LOOKING PARTY.—Yes; there ain't one of 'em that sells stuff fit to drink!

HOW IT WORKED.



*(When the party are well out—between his teeth).—Aw! I say!—Girls, are you sure you are quite comfortable?"*

THE GIRLS.—Oh, we are doing splendidly! Oh! Mr. Bonds, it is too bad you have to stand out there all the time! I should think you would hire a man to do the work.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What do you think will be the effect of that politician's latest utterance?"

"It depends on the individual," replied Willy Wishington; "people who like him will call it 'a praiseworthy step,' and those who don't will refer to it as 'a shrewd move.'"*—Washington Star.*

CALLING HIM OFF.

INDIGNANT BICYCLIST.—Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. (*Starts off.*)

OLD LADY.—Sport! Sport! You foolish dog! Come here. Them ain't bones. Them 's legs! *—New York Weekly.*



IF Friday's an unlucky day, why is it that everybody takes chances with fish-bones on that day? *—West Union Gazette.*

Pickings from Puck

\* No. 28 \*

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PUNISHED.

"Do you think you will succeed in bringing that criminal to punishment?"

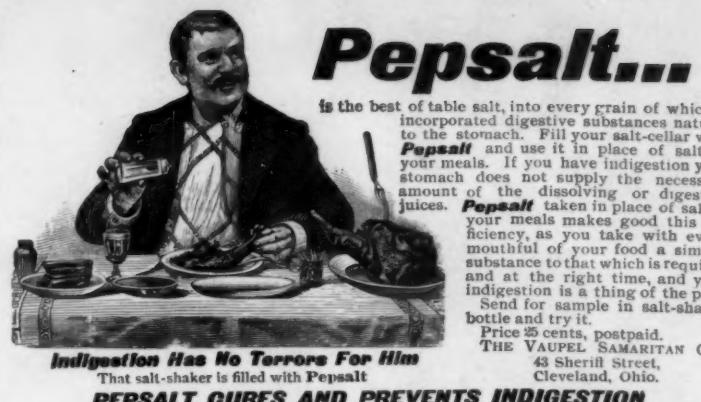
"Succeed!" echoed the detective; "we have already accomplished it. He does n't dare come home to see his family any more."*—Washington Star.*

HIS GRANDFATHER'S JOY.

HE.—What is it about Whirly that throws all the other fellows in the shade!

SHE.—I guess it must be his family tree.*—Detroit Free Press.*

CALLING a woman a leader of society is equivalent to calling her a loafer and trying to dignify the title.*—Atchison Globe.*



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That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

SHE CAN'T FIND ONE THERE.

"Papa, I've decided I won't marry any man but a soldier."

"That's right, daughter; then you won't need any new clothes for the sea-shore."*—Detroit Free Press.*



A GREAT MORAL LESSON.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*indignantly*).—Little boy, don't you know it is wrong for you to steal those dear little blue-bird eggs? Don't you know that each of those dear little eggs would be a dear little blue-bird?

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*more indignantly*).—Yes! And don't you know that stuffed blue-birds are twenty-five cents apiece now, and getting scarcer and scarcer every year, you miserable little wretch!

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"Yes; is n't it perfectly horrid?"

"I don't know yet. I have n't found out whether it is modern and perfectly horrid, or antique and perfectly lovely."*—Washington Star.*

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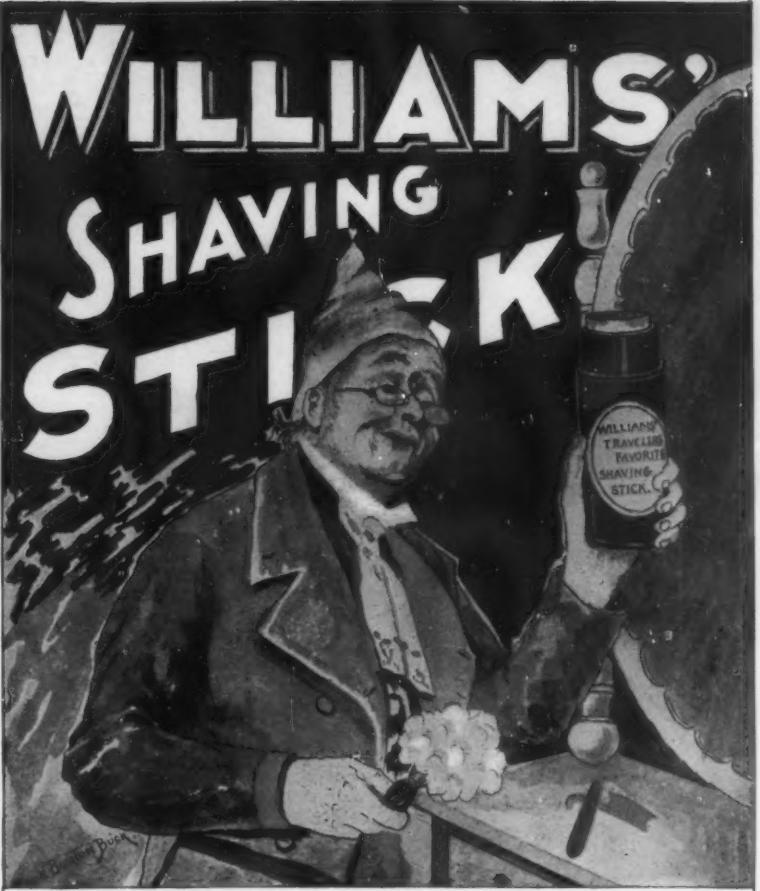
"HERE," said Benny's papa, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Benny; "just think of any one being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"*—Harper's Bazar.*

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FULL.

"I feel like a store with a bargain sale," groaned Tommy, as he approached from the direction of the pantry, the immediate surroundings of his mouth being a suspicious dark red.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Jam inside." — *Detroit Free Press*.

A STUDENT in the city schools who has recently taken up grammar, says he likes it bully, only he hain't got so he can work the examples very good yet. — *West Union Gazette*.

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Fame came to him straight,  
Though not, truth to state,  
For knowledge in things economic.  
'T was a matter of fate —  
He was born to be great —  
His whiskers, by nature, were comic.  
— *Washington Star*.

A MAN who owes everybody, was worrying on the streets to-day about Hobson. — *Atchison Globe*.



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**MRS CASEY.** — There's more than wan way to kill a cat, Mrs. Terhune  
**MRS. TERHUNE.** — Shure, and that's only too throue. Mrs. Casey. We've killed our owld's in sixteen different ways already, and he's 'bove yit!

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**HADNUN.** — I'm told that, as a rule, young lawyers have to wait a year before business comes to them.

**HAVSUM.** — Is that so? Then Gadway was an exception.

**HADSUM.** — How?

**HADSUM.** — He had to wait ten years. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

AFTER the baby comes, the wife continues to listen patiently to her husband's complaints of not feeling well, but she keeps one eye on the baby while doing it. — *Atchison Globe*.

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MAX O'RELL,  
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:



Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me. Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

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PRETTY WIFE (*pointingly*). — That Mrs. de Plaine has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got.

SMART HUSBAND.—A homely woman like that needs rich attire to attract attention from her face. You don't.

(PRETTY WIFE subsides.) — New York Weekly.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK

TWIGGS. — Do you remember that fine umbrella I picked up in the street car the other day?

SNAGGS.—Yes.

TWIGGS. — Well, some blamed thief has stolen it! — *Roxbury Gazette*.

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HER FIRST AND ONLY OFFER ACCEPTED.

MISS WITHERS (*suddenly awakening*). — O-o-o-h! D-o-o y-o-u want to take my money?  
THE BURGLAR. — Yes; and if yer make der least sound I'll take you!  
MISS WITHERS (*at the top of her voice*). — Murder! Police! Police! P-o-l-i-c-e!

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MOWING a lawn is real hard work when a man has to make a boy do it. — *West Union Gazette*.

THE fortunate people in this world are those who have at least one friend in whose presence they can blow their own horns without discouragement. — *Atchison Globe*.

"Whose smoke like incense doth perfume."  
—TITUS ANDRON.

If you smoke it  
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"It's Good"

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Mixture

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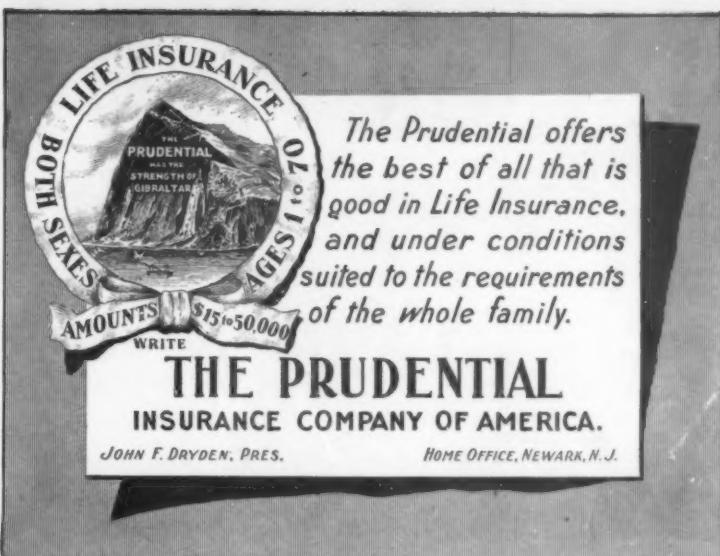
THE PARSON.—No, Brother, you can  
not be spared. You must continue to  
superintend the Sabbath School.

THE JEWELER SUPERINTENDENT.—  
If I do, Parson, those elderly sisters  
must stop spreading the heresy that  
jewelry is but vanity.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

A POWERFUL INSTRUMENT.  
ACQUAINTANCE.—I hear your sister  
has a new piano. Is it like the other?

LITTLE BOY.—No; this one is a  
piano-fort. You just ought to hear her  
bombard.—*New York Weekly*.

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halation thereof.—*West Union Gazette*.

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Denver or west of New York.  
Suitable for presents. Sample  
orders solicited. Address,  
Washington Democrat.

We have heard men  
say that the hardest  
work they can do is to  
do nothing, but we observe  
they don't try to  
make it any easier.—*Washington Democrat*.

DUZZEVY.—How do ball players spend  
their Winters?

DOOHEY.—In declaring that they  
won't play next season unless they can  
get more money than they're getting this.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

HOYLE died at the age of ninety-seven  
years; and yet some people think it is  
unhealthful to sit up nights playing  
poke.—*Port Jervis Gazette*.



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The world's new standard for perfection in  
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FIRST BOY.—Did your mother punish you for going in swimming without her consent?

SECOND BOY.—Yes.  
"What did she do?"  
"Made me take a bath!"



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particulars.



HARLEM FLATTE.—This is Suburbia, and I promised to spend Sunday at Lonesomehurst with Suburbia. I'd rather have a tooth out than go to that barren waste, wouldn't you? I have a club friend who would say I think I know where Well, I'm in for it, at any rate. I will go down his office and we will get out of town as quickly as possible. No one shall know where I am going.



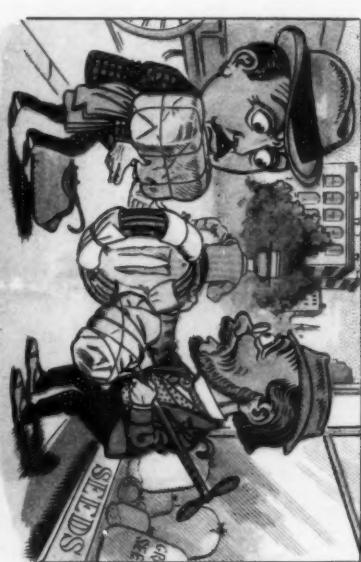
MR. SUBURBUS (as he leaves his office).—So, friend, old man, are going down with me! I know you will enjoy yourself. HARLEM FLATTE (feebly).—Yes—er, I know I will. (Aside.) Thank heaven! he is at least not one of those bundle friends.



MR. SUBURBUS.—Oh! Just wait a moment, Harlem. I wish to go in here and get a few cans of tomato. I can save a penny a can by buying them here.



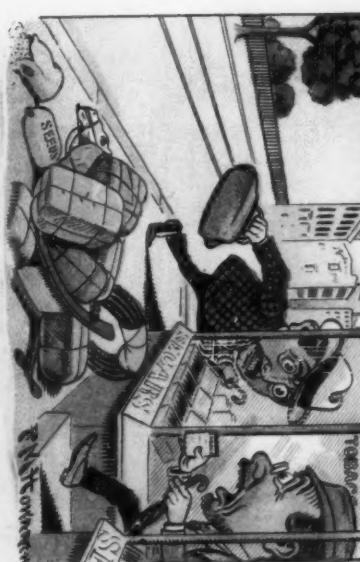
"By JESUS! Harlem! I came near forgetting it! I let my lawnmower in here to be repaired; it is to be finished to-day. Kindly hold these tomatoes, will you? I'll be out in a moment.



"And I expect to have one of the finest lawns in Lonesome-burrow. See? I bought a new garden-hose when I got my lawnmower. You? You won't mind holding these packages while I go in here and get some garden seeds?"



"Now we are off! This rocking-horse will please baby half to death. You are very kind to help me with my parcels, I am sure. By Jove! That just reminds me. You are a great smoker. I know and will want something to smoke to-morrow. Just hold these parcels till I go in and get a quarter's worth of cigars."



"Yes, I have quite a place, and it takes a great deal of seed to cover the ground. By the way, to-morrow is baby's birthday, and I promised to bring him some birthday present. I will go in here and buy him a little something if you will kindly take care of these things again.

HARLEM FLATTE (between his teeth).—Oh, Lord! I suppose any of my fashionable friends should see me now! I would be done for. Good heavens! Here comes Miss Van Swell. If she sees me in this fix I'll be done for with her. What shall I do?

HARLEM FLATTE'S CHOICE.



"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. I'll have to lose Suburbia's friendship or Miss Van Swell's respect. The former. Down go the bundles. There! Be your own pack-horse!"